

Column,
BUSINESS HOUSES
IN BOSTON.

Business appearing under the
headings in this column are
not and must relate to the city.

OS. TENTS & FLAGS,
Linen & Co., 6 North Market St.,
FOR COVERS—OLD & NEW.

BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
GREENOUGH, 11 Cornhill Street.

APOTHECARIES,
BOSTON, 44 Washington Street.

TEXTILE MATERIALS,
LUTHERAL IMPLEMENTS,
MANUFACTURED IN BOSTON.

BEEF BEEF
STEAK, 70 & 72 F. H. Market
Co., (Wholesale) 82 North Market St.

BEEF AND PORK,
& GLIDES, 62 F. H. Market.

B. CHEESE AND EGGS,
TEN & CO., 79 F. H. Market.

MEAT & BACON, 118 Blackstone Street.

NEWS SUMMARY.

A St. Louis policeman was shot dead yesterday morning by a burglar. There were two free in Philadelphia on yesterday.

Two wild-cats have been recently shot within a half-hour's walk of Central Square, Greeley, N. Y.

An effort is being made to introduce the general carp into the ponds and rivers of New England.

December will have two new moons.

The search party at Fort Fairfield and the search party at Moose Grove, Me., have ground this season 300,000 bushels of potatoes.

Capt. Joseph D. Vining, a lieutenant

in the regular army, was killed last week in a railroad accident near Ellaville, Fla.

Young Meeker, who assisted his mother

in getting out of Waterbury, Vt., has

been sentenced to be hung on the second

Friday in February.

Miss Nancy Brooks of Yarmouth, died

as a result of the effects of drinking some

water while she was in a fit of temporary

mania.

The California fish commission is intro-

ducing its waters the gonyamus, a spe-

cies of fish said to be superior to the salmon.

The Kearny Mills at Portsmouth, N.

H. were burned on S. Sunday. Loss \$500.

Over three hundred persons are

employed in the mills.

John Lewis and his father were drowned

in the Connecticut River, Chesterfield, Vt., the night by the upsetting of a boat in which they were crossing the stream.

The first ship at Fort Fairfield and

the search party at Moose Grove, Me., have

ground this season 300,000 bushels of

potatoes.

A bridgeport, Conn., boy while hunting

on Sunday found a box of gunpowder

and gunpowder in a box.

He was severely injured.

The town of Weehawken, N. J., is agitated over

the sudden arrival of a large number of

negro men.

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are negroes who have been brought in

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The Poet's Corner.

DECEMBER.

The squirrel has made up his winter bed, and it is snugly lying; the chestnuts have ceased to drop overhead, the ducks have sailed by with wings outspread, the clouds are painted in purple and red, and autumn is glory.

Hurrah for the winter! down from the sky comes the snow in a noiseless hurry; on the hills the snow is high; and the skaters about when the moon is high; and the bells they jingle, the heights they fly; and the stars look surprised at the hurry.

Who says that Winter is grim and old?

He is royal, merry, good fellow!

What game is like his, gay and bold?

His is the winter of the world; his is the golden!

His apples are choice and mellow.

Have out the mittens! put on the ball!

What that the maffers are ready!

Get down the sled from the nail on the wall;

Sharpen the skates for fear of a fall;

The river is frozen! will soon be the call;

Then who, with will think to be ready?

He is decked with gauds, with bells;

He brings you presents; he brings you cheer;

'Tis in a hall in thy sly pipe you are!

He frees your冻结; make it look queer;

For winter is good, and in jolly!

Ladies' Department.

TWO ELOPEMENTS.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house, as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility, lived Philip Mansen and his sister Esther. Philip had reached the middle age of forty, and Esther, a slender, vivacious girl, had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the sun, till there was reason to believe that she had found it in the person of a young man, whom she had met in the course till in the fulness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Mansen family. Esther at first objected, but when she came to understand that the way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment which such a step would naturally bring it, she submitted to her sister's will. "No," said Philip, when assailed on this point, "I have no objection, but I may be only too example by but precept." "But by-and-by, when you are older, you will feel the need of a wife more than at present."

"Yes," said Philip, conclusively, "I have a sister who is devoted to me, and while she lives I shall need no other."

As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she had no objection to a husband for her own living, if other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for other earthly purposes than to burden their active and enterprising spirits. All night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser. Her brother and she had always lived together, passing a quiet, uneventful life, and she could make any change for the better.

Of course, it was instituted by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Esther's. Philip, however, was only making virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, proving that there was no chance of improvement. Esther, however, had remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther had no time to attend to housekeeping, and there was but little to do. So, as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionate of her own thoughts, into whose neighbor chamber to call in, when there was a rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessitated quietness.

Early one afternoon just after Esther had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard, a young man, a neighbor who had of late proved very troublesome from his habit of borrowing articles, and owing it, to be presumed, to his want of forethought, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," he mused, "that it is Mr. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something."

She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expecting gaze—a gentleman of forty-five, carefully elegantly dressed, and, it was said, a neighbor.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madame," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of Mr. Mansen?"

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon me if I have occasioned you any trouble," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"The least trouble in the world," replied Esther, with a smile of welcome to which he had not been accustomed.

Two days afterward he heard that Mr. Mansen's house had been purchased by Mr. Bigelow, a rich, elderly gentleman, and rightly, that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Mansen received another visit from the same.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Mansen," he commenced (it seemed he had ascertained her name). "I am just about to start on a long journey, and I trust this time will remove this difficulty. You must know," he added, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my own resources, and there was not much to do. So, as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionate of her own thoughts, into whose neighbor chamber to call in, when there was a rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessitated quietness."

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